

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XIII.

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Poetry.

WATER ODE.

The following beautiful Ode was written by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, to be sung by the school children, at the Water Celebration in Boston, on the 25th ult.—
My name is Water. I have spilt
Through strange dark ways untold before,
By pure desire of friend ship led,
Cohabitate's Ambassador;
He sends four royal gifts by me,
Long life, health, peace and purity.

I'm Ceres' up-bearer. I pour
For flowers and fruits and all their kin,
Her crystal vintage, from of yore
Stored in old Earth's secret bins,
Flora's Elysian river, since God
The wine press of the deluge trod.

To that far Isle whence, iron-willed,
The new world's sire their barque unmoored,
The fairies' acorn cups I filled
Upon the loam-stool's silver hoard,
And north Heme's oak, for Shakespeare's sight,
Strayed to moss and grass with diamonds bright.

No fables in the May Flower came,
And, lightning as I sparkle here,
For mother May State, busy dame,
To feed and dredge this many a year;
A sight in her engines from yore
Twined myriad spindles for her gear.

I too, can weave—the warp I set
Through which the sun his slanting throws,
And, light as Noah saw it, yet
For you the rainbow rainbow glows;
I fortify, too long a slave,
For you as summer south winds blow,
Homeward I lead, disguised as dew.

For countless services I fit
A dose of domestic calm, of gain,
Particularly all bounds I fit
To make as fine as rain;
From mill and wash-tub I escape,
And take in heaven my proper shape.

So free myself, heaven, elude,
I come from far over hill and mead,
And here, Cohabitate's Envoy, wait
To be your blithesome Gynaecide,
And bring your cups with nectar wine
That never will make slaves of you.



AGRICULTURAL.

FATTENING HOGS.—When the mast and nose of your woods shall have been consumed, pen up your hogs to fatten; provide them good dry, warm apartments in the pen to sleep in, separate from the part you feed them in. When you first take them up, give each hog a tea-spoonful of flour of sulphur in meal of meal, daily, for a week. If you intend to consume feeding with pumpkins, apples or roots, let them be cooked—they go farther and are better for the hogs. Thrive a day give them fresh water, and once a week give them soap suds during the first three weeks of their being penned up. Each pen should be provided with a rubbing post. Rotten wood, charcoal and ashes should be generally in the pen in a trough where the hogs could eat of it at pleasure.

While you are engaged in fattening your hogs do not omit to furnish them with plenty of mould, leaves and weeds to work up into manure for you, for of a truth they are among the best of the manufacturers of that article known. Twenty well sized hogs would convert half that number of loads of earth or mould into good fertilizing manure every ten days, and in that time mix it up more accurately than the best hand on your farm, and especially well would they perform that service, if you were to strew grain or straw over the surface daily to induce them to use their snouts.

As true economy consists in attending to small as well as large matters, no provident farmer should omit to attend to these hints, and the best and surest way to ensure their being attended to, is to personally see that they are done, as the master's presence is a great stimulant of fidelity.

THRASHING OUT GRAIN.—Having first had your granary thoroughly cleaned out, by being scoured with buty, and dried and aired, go to work and have all your grain threshed out and stored away. At a period like this, when prices are up one week and down the next, every farmer should consider it to be his duty to place himself in a position to avail himself of every rise in the price of his great staple products.

FALL PLOUGHING.—As stiff clays are improved by being exposed to the action of frost, all such lands should have the advantage of fall and winter ploughing, but they never should be ploughed while in a wet state. The furrows should be lapped.

PRUNING AND DITCHING.—If you have any apple or pear grounds that you wish to render fit for tillage, you should improve the present month to make your ditches and drains.

MISCELLANY.

UNCLE DICK'S SECOND LOVE, OR THE BALM FOR BEWEEVED HEARTS.

"All mankind love a lover."—EMERSON.

Mr. Richard Peckman, the subject of this brief notice, was a widower, whose wife had not been buried more than six days. He resided in a remote town in New Hampshire, where he had a snug farm but no children. After the death of his wife, Mr. Peckman felt uneasy, and his heart kept putting out its feelers for a new object to supply the place of the old one. "Uncle Dick," as he was usually called at home, was rather a conscientious man, and it often seemed to him to be wrong to think about a second wife so soon after the death of the first one; for he loved his wife, and courted nearly seven years before he married her. But in spite of all his conscientious scruples on the subject, he could not keep his thoughts from dwelling on a second marriage. It came into his mind every morning, the moment he awoke from his slumbers, and surely he could not help thinking of it every night when he went to bed. His wife was a remarkably neat and industrious woman, having a place for every thing, and keeping every thing in its place. His housekeeper was not quite so particular. The tract of land on which he lived was in one place and then in another. The towel was not always found on the same nail where his wife was wont to hang it, and the broom was sometimes on the floor. These trifles disquieted Uncle Dick, and made him sigh for another partner who would keep things in their proper places. His heart was not easily moved by the fulsome of love when he was a young man, for he was nearly forty before he took a wife; but now it seemed to him that he could fall in love again very easily. There was a good deal of human nature in all this; for it is generally easier to fall in love the second time than it is the first. The heart somehow gets used to it, and goes into the work more readily. Practice makes perfect in this, as well as in other matters. Uncle Dick was not so much in fault, after all.

About two months after the decease of his good wife, Uncle Dick came to Boston. Having finished his harvesting, and done up his fall's work, he thought he would take a journey to the city, for he felt very lonely at home during the long evenings. He put up at a tavern where his expenses were by no means extravagant, for he was an economical man as well as a conscientious one. His dress was very far from being fashionable, although it was tidy and strong. The cloth of his coat, pants and vest, was all of one color, and spun and woven at home, from wool that he had sheared from the backs of his own sheep. The coat was gray, the pants and vest were of a different color, but very fine. He wore bright buttons on the coat and vest, and his hat was well crowned, and the brim rather broad. His neck was covered by a red bandanna handkerchief, above which appeared a high stiff collar of decently white cotton. He was now fifty-nine years of age, but he was a hale man, and felt not the infirmities of advanced life. The nose was the most prominent feature of his face; his eyes were rather small, but sharp and sparkling, especially when he saw a handsome woman. His forehead was not high, and his temples were somewhat sunken. His eyebrows were much arched, and distinctly pencilled upon his wrinkled brow. The hairs were long and somewhat gray, giving him a venerable appearance, and exhibiting, as some might think, a good share of intellectual power. Long eyebrows, however, more frequently indicate age than talent. In addition to the physical qualities above enumerated, Mr. Richard Peckman was six feet two inches tall, and as straight as a candle. He had worked no age had bent him over. He was not in danger of apoplexy, for his head was set upon a high neck, out of the reach of such a disease. Such was the outer man of Uncle Dick, when he visited the metropolis of the Bay State; and such were his internal longings.

Every day, for more than a week, he might have been seen, and in fact he was seen, promenading Washington street, and closely examining the faces of every lady whom he met, and gazing on their peculiar forms and motions. He saw more than a thousand women during his promenade whom he could love, if they would only stop long enough to be looked at. But they passed on, and only cast a glance at his gray suit, and tall straight form. Sometimes he saw young ladies smile, and not unrequently heard some loud giggling. There were certain females continually in his sight, and Uncle Dick formed quite a street acquaintance with several of them. He had many perceptions; that is to say, he saw many countenances that looked quite familiar to him. He was absolutely astonished when he saw so many who appeared like old acquaintances. One afternoon two young ladies met him, and just as they were passing him, one said to the other, "There's a long gray again! I believe he lives on the sidewalk."

Uncle Dick distinctly heard what was said, and immediately turned round with the precise motion of a grenadier. The girls saw that he had arrested his course and hurried their steps. He stood a moment like a statue among living groups, gazing upon the retreating females and but for a moment; for he immediately followed in pursuit. His long legs enabled him soon to overtake the fair offenders, and before they knew it, he was trailing close upon their heels. They had not traveled in this way but a few paces, before one of them looked round and saw the towering form of Uncle Dick directly behind her.

"Girls, don't be saucy!" exclaimed Uncle Dick, pointing his long bony finger directly into the eye of the young lady whose head he was turned round. "I've seen girls before I came to Boston, but not such saucy ones as you are."

The girls suddenly started from the sidewalk upon a crossing, and were soon upon the other side of the street, leaving the old widower wondering at their agility as well as at their impertinence. He did not follow them further, but stood and gazed after them until they turned a corner and passed from his sight.

"Little saucy jades!" he muttered to himself, and resumed his walk. He had not proceeded far before he met a woman dressed in black. As he passed, they looked at each other, and went on; but both seemed to have a common impulse, and turned round to take a second look at each other. The lady, seeing him gazing at her, turned her head and proceeded on.

Not so did Uncle Dick. Standing a moment in deep thought, and thinking over how severe a loss he met with in the death of his wife, he strode off in pursuit of the woman who wore the habiliments of woe. He did not tread so closely upon her heels as he did upon those of

the girls, but kept at a respectable distance behind her. Twice she looked round, and the tall, gray form was stalking after her. The heart of the lady in black fluttered in spite of all her efforts to restrain it. Again she turned her head, and that same form was coming with measured steps.

"What can he mean by following and following me?" she asked herself, as she walked along. "Who can he be? He's some countryman. Perhaps he thinks he knows me." Having passed out of Washington into Bedford street, she ventured to look round again, and saw Uncle Dick just turning the corner in full pursuit. His eye was upon that dark dress and that genteel form, for he was determined to spot the house she entered, or follow her until the sun went down. Every time she turned her head he felt a kind of twinge, as if some magnetic chord was touched.

"Why, I believe he's determined to follow me home," she thought. "I will hurry my steps, and perhaps he'll give up the chase."

She did so, but in vain; for Uncle Dick's legs carried him along quite as fast as she could find it convenient to walk. Thus they proceeded, passing from one street to another, and finally crossing the South Boston bridge. Uncle Dick began to think she was leading him a wild goose chase; nevertheless, he was fully resolved to follow her so long as the daylight lasted, if she didn't haul up before that time. And on the way, and he after her, keeping precisely the same distance between them.

Thus they proceeded, until she entered a small wooden house, and passed on by it a few rods, and then returned and passed about the far other way. Thus he kept going backward and forward, every time rounding the distances, like a bird flying, round the enchanting serpent, until she drops into his mouth. Eight times he passed this house, before he could make up his mind to stop, and as often as every other time he passed, he saw the lady gazing through the window. Both were now much excited. The widower at last plucked up courage and knocked at the door. The lady, still with her bonnet and shawl, answered the summons, and opened the door.

"Do you know me?" asked Uncle Dick, with a beating heart and trembling voice.

"Indeed, I do not," she replied, anxiously gazing upon him, and feeling a kind of instinct that he was a widower.

But why had such an instinctive impression, would puzzle human philosophy to tell. Both were silent for a moment. He hardly knew what to say next; but he liked her face, and the sound of her voice.

"Did you think you knew me?" she continued, getting over her fright somewhat, as he did not look daggers at her so much as he did more innocent times. She thought his countenance was a very honest one.

"I cannot say as I did," he replied. "But I thought I should like to know you."

"Will you walk in, sir?" she asked, with a sweet smile and musical voice.

He very cheerfully accepted her invitation, and walked into a snug room, kept very neat, but not expensively furnished.

"This is your home, is it?" he asked, while she was taking off her bonnet and shawl.

"It is a house my poor husband hired before he died," she replied, while her voice was choked with grief, and her eyes were being filled with tears.

"Then your husband is dead?" he said, feeling a tear start to his own eye.

"O, yes, he's gone, never more to return," she replied, gazing upon the tear that stood glistening in his eye, and crying more grievously than before.

They now sat sometime in silence, communing with their own hearts, and feeling emotions too big for utterance.

"How long since your husband's death?" he inquired, in a tremulous voice.

"About two months," she replied, wiping away the falling tears.

"A remarkable coincidence," he said, wiping away his tears also. "He must have died about the time my poor wife closed her eyes on all earthly things."

"Then you have lost a wife?" she said, while a fresh supply of tears came into her eyes.

"I have, indeed, and feel an aching void in my heart," he replied. "What time did your husband die?"

"The twentieth day of last November," she answered. "It was a dreadful day to me."

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

TO CAVAIGNAC.

And shall the bloody wave again,
Discovering freedom's bravest men,
Dash all ashore? and civic fight
Demolish wrong, establish right?
Alas! it must be! Well for France,
Awakening from her frantic trance,
She finds at last a virtuous man
To regulate her rushing van.

Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac!
Pursue Ambition's tortuous track.
The shade of Glory seems to tend
That way, but melts before its end.

What name more glorious than was his
Whose life midway went all amiss?
He well surveyed the battle field,
But ill what that soaked soil should yield.
Losing the train that limped behind,
He lost all energy of mind;
Like smitten viper, now aloof
To hate, now crushed by heel or hoof.

Mindful of Washington, who hurried
Back from the new worn-out world,
Remember, First of Men! that thou
To thy own heart hast made the vow
That France henceforward shall be free—
Henceforward is her trust in thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
"Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac!
Pursue Ambition's tortuous track."

We trust that Savage Landor is a prophet, and that the present dictator of France will prove worthy of the eulogium pronounced upon him. Certainly he gives promise of being "mindful of Washington," and his discretion has gained him the universal praise of the civilized world. Like Lamartine he is a man of peace, but being a man used to war, unlike Lamartine, he is well calculated to govern the "ferce democracy" of a warlike nation.

Lamartine is not less a great man now than he was six months since, when holding the supreme authority in his hands, but he was not the man for the times. The people whom he had to govern were not sufficiently educated to be ruled by a philosopher. Something of the Napoleonic element was required in the dictator of revolutionary France, and happily for the people of that country, their last great baptism of blood produced for them the man needed in the resolute, unambitious and peaceful Cavaignac.

General Cavaignac is said to be of Irish origin, and that his family name was Kavanagh. His father was a member of the Constitutional Assembly of France in 1789, and a nephew of General Cavaignac who served under Napoleon.

The present dictator of France gained his military honors in Algeria, where he was constantly in service from the breaking out of the Algerine war. He appears to have been always inclined to republicanism, and was an object of suspicion with the government of Louis Philippe.

As early as the year 1831, his brother, with Trelat and Guinand, was brought up on trial before the Paris Court of Assizes, on a charge of having conspired on occasion of the ex-minister's trial to substitute a republic for a monarchy. Their defence was singularly bold. They acknowledged their position as republicans, and defended it, were acquitted notwithstanding, carried home in triumph, and for the time were idols of the popular party.

In 1834, the same Cavaignac was implicated in the insurrection at Lyons.

General Cavaignac, in the meanwhile, advanced through the different grades of his profession in Algeria. It is not many years since he was made General. His sympathy with the movers in the late revolution appears from the fact that he was one of the first list of the provisional government, to whose first decree his name was signed. They appointed him their Governor of Algeria; and he represents Algeria in the Assembly.

General Cavaignac is about forty-five years of age, a man of the most determined will, but of the most humane disposition. Since he has been invested with the supreme command he has carried himself with moderation, and shown great discretion in all measures; sympathizing strongly with the attempts to republicanize Europe he has opposed every design on the part of his countrymen to mingle in the quarrels of other nations, when he has had reason to believe that a war would grow out of such interference. A letter writer in Paris for one of our city papers gives the following account of the salons of General Cavaignac and Marrast, who are now the master spirits in France.

"Finally, the reception proper commences. Officer-corps and officer-corps, in military order; a serious silence prevails; a few words only are now and then exchanged. The passing procession lasts three hours, and then the salons are gradually deserted. Cavaignac remains alone with a few friends; he dons the convenient fez cap and the African burnous, and camps on a divan, and smokes the fragrant and costly Latakia from a Turkish chibouque. Even now there is little gossip among the company; Cavaignac is a melancholy character, and his life in the desert has taught him the oriental habit of silence. At last Cavaignac remains alone; he sits there a long time, silent, thoughtful, stern—whether he has thoughts?

"Far different is the scene around Marrast, the sensual editor of the *Voltaire*, 'National.' In the new hotel of the Presidency, furnished in a style which reminds one of the Athenian rather than the Spartan Republic—in the midst of pictures, statues, flowers, music, perfumes, and blazing lights, he receives the Parisian world. Military musicians, the signers of the great Opera, Italian virtuosos, the orchestra of the *Conservatoire*, &c., give the melodies of Rossini and Mozart, Bellini and Beethoven, and refreshments

are distributed with a prodigality worthy of Lucullus. A delightful absence of restraint—a true Republican equality—reigns; for Marrast persists that all his former associates, the Journalists, shall appear among the Representatives, Diplomats, and Counsellors of State, and they are greeted by him with even greater cordiality than the English Minister himself.

"Will we have a Marrastian Republic, with deep, far-seeing plans hidden under flowers and festivity, or must we accept the plain Military Republic of Cavaignac? Athens or Sparta—that is the question. At this moment it appears as if both extremes would unite, and we are to have a just-milieu Marrast-Cavaignac—the Olive and Sword!"—*Holden's Magazine*.

DEATH OF MRS. MAFFITT.

Considerable excitement has been produced in the community by the unexpected death of the young lady who was married to J. N. Maffitt, in March of last year. Since that event, which took place on the 30th ultimo, the papers have given various accounts of the matter. First, it was said she died of "bilious fever," then that it was the result of "grief arising from something which occurred soon after her unfortunate marriage with Mr. Maffitt."

During the winter of 1846-7, while Maffitt was carrying on his meetings in the Centenary Church, "Fanny Pierce," or Frances Smith, was attracted to the church in company with several young friends, by a report that an acquaintance had experienced religion there. The result was that she continued to attend until she became impressed, and finally professed conversion and joined the church as a probationer. Soon after this, Frances was asked by a friend of Maffitt, whom we shall not now name, how she would like to become the wife of Mr. Maffitt. The girl in utter astonishment, answered, "Why, he is old enough to be my grandfather!" The motives were then laid before the mind of the unsuspecting girl.

Brother Maffitt was a very pious man, and the union would help her in her religious course—she would travel with him and see the world—he was a very popular preacher, and mingled in the best society—she would be a perfect lady, and associate with the most accomplished ladies in the nation. Besides, brother Maffitt was very rich, and he would make her large presents to begin with, and then she should never want for anything which was really desirable.

When the girl's ear was gained, matters proceeded rapidly, but secretly. She was conducted at night, through the basement of the Centenary Church, and taken through the window in at the back door of the Parsonage, to hold interviews with Maffitt. She was presented with much costly jewelry, a costly rosewood piano, &c., &c., all through Maffitt's agent in the affair. The result was, that the plan succeeded, and the prey was secured. The first communication which the mother of Frances received touching the matter was made by the same agent, and then she was told that opposition was useless—Brother Maffitt and Frances were engaged, and would be married at all events, and she might as well consent and make the best of it.

The marriage was consummated—there being only thirty-seven years difference in the ages of the parties—but it brought with it none of the bliss which had been promised Frances. As to religious influences, that had now all evaporated. Not a word did she hear upon the subject from Maffitt, or those in his service in the matter of the marriage, from the moment of the consummation of the tragedy. She had been carried away with golden dreams of elevation—her brain bewildered with phantoms, but the period of her intellectual hallucinations was of short duration. She soon had to grapple with realities. But we forbear. A portion of the history has been given; but the rest, and by far the most mysterious and illustrative of character remains behind.

That the poor girl was unhappy in her new and unnatural position was an event that might have been expected, but that she would soon fall a victim to her misfortunes has taken all by surprise. She had perfect health until her marriage, but for the last six months she had been rapidly sinking under the influence of grief and mortification. She was defamed—the worst attributes of character attributed to her—and many of the tales of her transgressions, by mistaken friends, whispered in her ears. Her heart sunk and life became a burden. The functions of the brain became deranged, and she died in convulsions.—*Christ. Adv. & Journal*.

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desecration of friends; the scorn of the world; that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within health gone—happiness gone—even hope that remains the longest, gone—I would have left the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow*.

"What, Mr. Speaker, what shall I say to my constituents?" exclaimed a wretched member of Congress on the passage of a bill, to which he was utterly opposed. "What shall I say?" he repeated, but found it impossible to get beyond the interrogation.

"Tell them," replied the waggy speaker, "that you tried to make a speech, but couldn't."

IRASCIBILITY OF TEMPER.—The greatest plague in life is bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; the best thing is to amend our own, and the next best quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. Irascibility is very injurious to health, and so, in fact, is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature—low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontent, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence, or despair—are very inimical to enjoyment of life, and every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds, and look unflinchingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do—the fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution may all be overcome.

At the late Water Celebration in Boston, Editors were assigned a place in the procession, between the Physicians and Lawyers. This does not agree with the Apocalyptic order of precedence. There, Famine came first, while Death and Hell followed after.—*Philed. Sun*.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A wag told us the other day that one half the lawyers live without a cause and die without effects.

According to Haller, women bear longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older, and are never bald; according to Piny, they are seldom attacked by typhus, (on the contrary, they will run after lions); and according to Gueter, they can talk a few!

FRIDAY, NOV. 10.

A resolution presented by Mr. Tilden, instructing delegation in Congress for the immediate abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia; laid on the table.

Reports. By committee on election, a bill for Teachers' Institutes; laid on the table. By joint select committee raised to ascertain the expediency of prosecuting the Geological Survey, in favor of gathering up the results of the Survey; laid on the table.

SENATE.—The House resolution for adjournment was taken up, the time fixed on Tuesday morning next at 6 A. M., and the resolution so amended passed.

2 o'clock P. M.

The Engrossed bill for the completion of the Geological Survey was taken up for its final passage, when the bill was opposed by Mr. Kibbler, and supported by Messrs. Stewart and White.

Mr. Chandler moved to amend so as to limit the appropriation, named in this bill, to one year, which was adopted.

Mr. C. then moved to strike out the second section of the bill, authorizing the Geologist to employ an assistant and clerks, which was supported by Mr. Stewart, opposed by Mr. Stewart, and adopted.

Mr. Kibbler then moved further to amend by striking out \$1500 and inserting \$5000, the amount to be appropriated—motion supported by Mr. Beaman, opposed by Messrs. White and Mead, and rejected by yeas 19, nays 13. The bill was then read and passed.

The bill to amend part of Bridport to Cornwall, was read twice and referred to the Senators of Addition County.

Mr. Hamilton, of Chittenden, from committee on Claims, reported the bill to pay B. Adams balance claimed as State Geologist, without any expression of opinion, when the same on motion of Mr. Kibbler, was laid on the table.

HOUSE.—A resolution from the Senate, that both Houses adjourn on Tuesday at 6 A. M.; concurred in.

Mr. Allen, of Middlebury, called up the bill relating to the division of school money, (requiring attendance of scholars two months); discussed by Messrs. Carpenter, of Northfield, Hancock, Weston, Sabie, Needham, Kitteridge, of St. Johnsbury, and Parker of Coventry, and dismissed, 132 to 37.

The engrossed bill to amend part of Bridport to Cornwall, was taken up and passed.

2 o'clock P. M.

Engrossed Bills. To incorporate the Vermont and Boston Telegraph Company; passed; to incorporate Rutland and Whitehall Railroad Company—under discussion, until adjournment.

Evening Session.

The bill for exempting homesteads, reported by general committee, was laid on the table.

The bill chartering the Rutland and Whitehall Railroad Company, was again taken up, and after further discussion, passed, 87 to 35. (The vote being taken at a late hour, several members were absent.)

SATURDAY, NOV. 11.

SENATE.—The House bill to incorporate Rutland and Whitehall Railroad Company was read twice and referred.

The bill to incorporate the Vermont Bank at Montpelier, made the order of the day for this time, was taken up, read a 3d time, and passed.

2 o'clock P. M.

The engrossed bill relating to the State Prison was read a 3d time and passed.

Mr. Walker, from Committee of Senators of Addison County, reported against the House bill to annex part of Bridport to Cornwall—bill rejected.

Mr. Davis moved to reconsider the vote passing the bill to complete the Geological survey; when the merits of the measure were again fully discussed—Messrs. Hamilton of Chitt., Beaman, J. F. Kibbler, Fremont and Sweet opposing it on the ground of the unsatisfactory manner in which this survey had been conducted, and the little hope that the case would be bettered under present State Geologist.

Messrs. White, Kimball, and Stewart advocated the bill.

Mr. J. F. Kibbler rejoined, maintained his former position, and concluded by saying that the people of Vermont want a man for that office who can do something more than sit on the peak, Panamas and devour the fried cypers of self-conceit with Apollo and the Muses.

The vote was then reconsidered, when Mr. Chandler moved to commit the bill to a member to amend it as to give the Governor power to appoint some suitable person to complete the survey, (to the expected exclusion of the present geologist)—the amendment was adopted; when the bill being further amended, on motion of Mr. Hamilton of Chitt., by reducing the appropriation to \$1000—was again passed.

HOUSE.—Reports. By general Committee, bill to amend act relating to Common Schools, abolishing the office of County Superintendents; laid on the table. By Committee on Banks, bill to incorporate Franklin County Bank at St. Albans Bay.

The following appointments were made by the joint assembly:

Hampden Cuts, Commissioner of the Insane, unanimously.

Hiram Harlow, Superintendent of State Prison, unanimously.

John Porter, Henry Keyes, H. B. Beardsley, Directors of the State Prison; two first unanimously. Beardsley 129, Asa Westworth Jr., 57, Calvin Solomon, 19, Scattergood 5.

Jefferson T. Kibbler, State's Attorney, for Orange County.

2 o'clock P. M.

The bill from the Senate relating to State Prison, (to let out the prisoners,) supported by